

POLK COUNTY OBSERVER

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DL. XXII

DALLAS, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, AUGUST 30, 1910.

NO. 29

Painless Dentist

Modern Electric Equipment

Best Methods.
All Work Guaranteed.
Consultation Free.

Painless extractions
free when plates or
bridge work is ordered

TELEPHONE 252

Dr. S. T. Donohoe

VAN WICK DENTAL PARLOR

Building

Dallas, Oregon

The Common Housefly

Now the justly deserving object of a national campaign the interest of the public health. Flies carry filth and disease germs wherever they go. We are sincerely glad that we are able to co-operate effectively in the fight against the housefly. Flies and Electric Fans do agree. Flies cannot alight in a breeze and it is a simple thing to keep your kitchen, your living room and your sleeping room of your child free from the contamination of these insects. One electric fan in a small household can usually be made to serve all three purposes, besides freshening and cooling the air. The new 8-inch household fan is both practical and inexpensive. Phone NORTHWESTERN CORPORATION. The real commercial spirit is to supply the needs of the public as perfectly as possible, and we make a business of satisfying our customers. Electricity is expensive only to people who are wasteful. To you, who are naturally careful, it doesn't come high. Use Tungsten lamps and have an abundance of light.

Northwestern Corporation

E. W. KEARNS, Manager for Dallas.

FISHING SEASON

April 1st and we are prepared to furnish the right kind of tackle at the right price.

BUILDING BASE BALL GOODS

are headquarters for the famous Spalding and do not lie down for any others. Give us a call.

R. Ellis' Confectionery

Candy Kitchen in rear. We invite you to inspect it

SPECIAL

REDUCTION

ON

WARTWAISTS

TO CLOSE OUT

as Mercantile Co.

HISTORIC BUENA VISTA

HOME OF ENTERPRISING, PROSPEROUS, CONTENTED PEOPLE.

Observer Representative Tells of Present Conditions and of Bright Prospects for Future Growth.

The beautiful town of Buena Vista lies on the West bank of the Willamette River, about eight miles above Independence, and from any point one may wish to view the place it is one of the most delightful localities in Oregon. It has about 160 population which, considering the remarkable healthfulness and wonderful scenery of the locality should be much greater.

This town, from a historical standpoint, is one of the famous places in our state. It is commonly known that Buena Vista, like Eola, lacked only a few votes of becoming the capital of Oregon. When the caucus was held and it was found that Buena Vista was looked upon with so much favor by the delegates, Corvallis, fearful for her own commercial supremacy, headed off her near neighbor by throwing all her votes to Salem.

Another influence which is said to have worked against Buena Vista in the race was the site for the capitol building. Reason B. Hall, the owner of the large hill and adjoining ground near the town, wanted \$30,000 for his property, not being willing to give it away. The owner of the proposed capitol site in Salem asked but \$1 for his land. The result of the vote showed this free site proposition to be a winner.

Had Buena Vista won, the site would have been even more beautiful than the one now occupied by the state building. It is a large hill, sloping in every direction, and the view from there is magnificent, commanding the river, the hills beyond, and the entire surrounding valley.

The first name given to this little town was Bloomington. This was in the year 1859. The first postmaster was Eli Foster. Later, the name of Buena Vista was given it by a man named Hall. The name, as it suggests, was given on account of the splendid view from the bank of the river at this point.

Scenery Is Rare Treat.

The scenery at Buena Vista is a rare treat for the lover of nature. The high bank, with the street of hills beyond, makes a very pretty outlook from the town, and, going up the river from the old warehouse, one is delighted with the many curiosities to be found.

One chief attraction well worth going to see is a volcanic fissure about half a mile from the town. It is a large fissure, about ten feet wide, made during some volcanic eruption—perhaps when Mount Jefferson was active. It can be seen up the bank and extending across the river in the direction of Mount Jefferson and it also extends back from the river no one knows how far. It is interesting to see, and sets one speculating on how hot it must have been around the quiet old town of Buena Vista when the earth was having this spell of colic.

People Are Hospitable.

The residents of Buena Vista are an industrious class. They are proud of their town in every way, are loyal to their town and to one another, and are unusually courteous to those whose business brings them into the place, so that one goes away with quite as much respect for the residents as he has admiration for the rare beauty of the scenery. One man explained the gentleness of the people by citing the optimistic influence of R. R. Turner, who seems to radiate humor wherever he goes; but that explanation scarcely seems to fit perfectly, as the people of Buena Vista were famed for their hospitality and cheerfulness before Mr. Turner became a resident of the place. It would rather seem that when the social R. R. moved into the little town, he found himself among happy people who fully appreciate his qualities as a loyal citizen and a cheerful, hospitable booster.

Buena Vista Will Grow.

It can safely be said that from the standpoint of commercial possibilities, few towns can offer advantages equal to those of Buena Vista. The fruit land to be obtained now at reasonable prices is unequalled in richness and in quality of fruit produced. Any man with a small amount of capital can make easy money by engaging in the fruit industry in this favored portion of Polk County.

At one time, there was a pottery at this place, with a payroll of sixty men, and the company did a thriving business. The matter of transportation became a hard problem as the business increased and the plant was removed to Portland, to which city the raw clay has since been shipped. The supply of this clay seems inexhaustible. For a long distance, up and down the river, there is a large vein of clay which is excellent for fine brick or pottery and for all kinds of earthenware.

Some time, when the dream of an electric line comes true, (which it is certain to do,) another pottery will be located at this place. Several proposed routes for an electric line between Albany and Salem have been surveyed through this place, and while it cannot be stated just where the road will run, it is safe to say it will not miss Buena Vista. When this road is completed, some one will see the advantage of manufacturing pottery here, as the matter of transportation will not then be difficult.

Buena Stores Are Modern.

F. M. Donaldson and his son, J. C. Donaldson, started in the general merchandise business in this place about a year ago and have been quite successful from the first. They have a splendid trade. The firm name is Donaldson & Son. Their goods are well displayed and the store, which has a complete stock, is always neat and clean. The Donaldsons are uniformly courteous and painstaking in their manner of attending to their growing list of customers. The stock consists of groceries, dry goods, some shell hardware and various articles for which there is always a demand in a

score of this kind.

W. S. McLain is the manager and proprietor of the Buena Vista feed mill, which at this season of the year has been kept busy attending to the custom which crowds into it. Mr. McLain is also in charge of the river warehouse at this place, which, in the season when boats can navigate, receives and discharges the freight of the town.

J. K. Neal, the popular postmaster of Buena Vista, has been in the town about five years and in that time has made himself well liked by those with whom his duties have brought him in contact. He carries a well displayed stock of general merchandise, groceries, dry goods, boots, shoes and other articles usually in demand in a store of this kind. He is ably assisted by R. R. Turner, whose pleasant manner makes him a favorite with the public. Mr. Turner has been a subscriber to the Observer during the entire 22 years of its existence.

N. E. Tyler conducts the hotel and boarding house of Buena Vista, and the traveling public is here accorded the best meals to be found anywhere in the country. In addition, Mr. Tyler does the draying of the town. He has just finished loading a car of clay for the company which manufactures pottery from the Buena Vista clay.

Buena Vista's real estate dealer is J. D. Winn, whose long residence in this locality has made him familiar with prices and values. He has a good list of property and is qualified to give reliable advice in reference to an investment in land or city property. Personally Mr. Winn is a pleasant man to meet, and those who favor him with their business will be sure of the best possible bargain for the money invested.

For the past ten years, T. P. Ogilvie has been the popular blacksmith of Buena Vista. He has made good to the public and has given entire satisfaction in every particular. His trade in this line extends from near Independence up to Wells Station. He has no particular specialty, but does all classes of work well, including horse shoeing and tire-setting.

Many Old Settlers Here.

J. C. Polley is one of the early pioneers of Buena Vista. Speaking of his experiences, Mr. Polley said: "The first time I was ever here was in 1848. I was in Buena Vista the first time during that year. I went over there on the fourth of July—no town there then. I went over where the town now stands to attend the funeral of General Gilliam."

J. C. Kreutz, who has been making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Anderson, near Buena Vista, is one of the old settlers of Oregon, having emigrated from Prussia in the year 1856. He is 87 years old, and at his extreme age was recently compelled to undergo an operation in Albany for rupture. The treatment was successful, and Mr. Kreutz has been getting along quite well since returning home, in spite of his advanced age.

The Andersons have sold their farm to T. D. McLain and will move to McMinnville. Mr. McLain recently came from Linn County. When the Observer reporter visited his place, he found him hard at work removing a 20-ton rock which has been interfering with the plowing.

Two other old-time residents of Buena Vista are Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richardson. Having amassed a competence in the active days of their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are spending their declining years amid every comfort. Both have a wide acquaintance in Polk and adjoining counties. Mr. Richardson is another of Polk County's citizens who has read the Observer since the first number was issued from the press.

E. J. Smith, who recently moved to this place from Portland, where he had lived for a number of years, has a valuable fund of knowledge concerning the early history of the town and surrounding country. Mr. Smith moved away from Buena Vista many years ago, but recently decided to return to the scenes of his youth. To him the Observer reporter is indebted for much of the information obtained about the early history of the town.

One of the oldest residents of this county is Jacob Nash, for many years a resident of Buena Vista. He came to this locality from Indiana early in 1864, and has always had a prominent part in the development of the country. He has an excellent memory, and when approached about anything touching the interest of his home town he is enthusiastic. He loves every foot of ground in and around the old place, and never tires of telling of the advantages offered here to the burnt clay industry.

James Prather is one of Polk County's substantial citizens who has long been a resident of the Buena Vista neighborhood. He has a good farm and has prospered in his business affairs. He belongs to one of Polk County's early pioneer families, several members of which are yet living in this locality.

Rich American Bottom.

The American Bottom embraces the extensive territory lying along the Willamette River between Buena Vista and Independence. It is about five miles in length, from North to South. It is famous for its unexcelled soil and immense hop fields. From one end to the other, it is one continuous stretch of hop fields. All kinds of fruit and grain yield enormously from this rich river bottom. At this season of the year, everybody is getting ready for hop picking, which will begin in a few days.

C. P. Wells, whose farm is just in the edge of American Bottom, has 164 acres of fine land and a splendid herd of goats. Mr. Wells has been dry-plowing some of his land in order to kill the vegetation commonly known as buffalo grass. By turning the sod in dry weather, the grass is deprived of moisture and dies in a few days for want of water.

One of the progressive farmers of Polk County is George Weiss, whose 112 acres lies near the town of Buena Vista. Mr. Weiss raises hay and stock, and has done well in his farming. His fine residence, which has been recently repainted, can be seen for miles. Mr. Weiss has five acres of fruit trees which he planted five years ago and which are just beginning to bear.

W. F. Bundy has just proved up on his 24 acres of land near Buena Vista. He has a small farm, but it would be hard to find better land in Polk County. He has been quite successful with alfalfa, and is quite enthusiastic about the profit of this crop. The soil of his place seems to be well adapted to it. Mr. Bundy has one of the finest teams of horses in this part of the county. It is a matched team of grey 4-year-olds. The animals are so near of a size that one cannot see the least difference between the two.

R. H. McCarter is one of the progressive farmers of the American Bottom. He has been experimenting with alfalfa, and declares that it is a more profitable crop than hops. Mr. McCarter is a firm believer in the "hog and alfalfa" combination.

M. M. Porterfield owns 220 acres North of American Bottom—one of the most beautiful homes in the country. He has fine stock, good land and abundant crops. This year he has 24 acres of hops which will yield an average crop. When seen in Dallas, Saturday, Mr. Porterfield said the stakes in his field were not damaged by the high winds of last Wednesday.

One of the most enthusiastic raisers of alfalfa is O. T. Murphy, of American Bottom. His experience in getting it set and growing has been highly satisfactory. Mr. Murphy thinks alfalfa raising is easily understood and that the matter of obtaining a good stand in the soil of this bottom is comparatively simple.

The high wind of Thursday wrought havoc with the hop fields of American Bottom. Much work was required in some of the fields to straighten up the stakes again. When the wind began to blow, the farmers had to get into the yards quickly and set up the vines from dropping to the ground. In one field, an entire acre of hops was blown down.

The work on the new schoolhouse in American Bottom is going on rapidly and will soon be finished. F. E. Finch, of Independence, has the contract for putting up the building. It will be a creditable structure and will cost about \$1500.

(To Be Continued.)

MANY GO TO THE CIRCUS

Barnum & Bailey Show at Salem Draws Large Crowd from Polk County.

If there is any one thing in this world that draws harder than a porous plaster, it is a three-ring circus. This pulling power was again fully demonstrated Saturday afternoon, when the Barnum & Bailey show gave its performance in Salem before a crowd of at least 10,000 persons. The capitol city was crowded with visitors, who vent from every part of the valley on excursion trains or drove in from the surrounding country. The attendance at the night performance was almost as large as in the afternoon.

The Salem, Dallas & Falls City railroad gave excellent train service, running an extra train at night in addition to its regular schedule. This service proved a great convenience to the residents of Dallas, Falls City and the surrounding territory and every train was crowded to the limit.

As to the merits of the performance itself, opinion differs widely. Many there are who declare that the Barnum & Bailey show this year is better than ever before, while others are equally positive that it is not up to the usual high standard. All agree, however, that the performance in Polk County was one of the best of the season, and that a few of the features offered are superior to anything seen on the coast heretofore.

The large crowd in Salem was orderly and well behaved, and only one serious accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. A Salem young woman, the daughter of an employee of the Hannan Appliance, was struck down by a passing train at the corner of State and Commercial streets and was seriously bruised and injured. It is not believed, however, that the injuries will prove fatal.

GOAT BREEDERS WILL MEET

Angora Goat Men Will Select Place for Holding Midwinter Show.

George W. McBee, President of the Northwest Angora Goat Association, informs the Observer that a mass meeting of goat breeders will be held at the Fair grounds during State Fair week under the auspices of the association. The object of this meeting is to arrange for a Midwinter Angora Show to be held next winter at some place to be decided upon.

It is the desire of the association that not only every member, but every person interested in the goat industry be present and join in the movement to better conditions among the breeders.

The meeting at the Fair Grounds will be held on Thursday evening, September 15.

Socialists Will Nominate Ticket. A meeting of Socialists was held at the Courthouse in Dallas, Saturday, August 28, at which time the interests of the party movement were discussed and a call made for a convention to be held at the Courthouse in Dallas on Saturday, September 24, at 1 o'clock p. m., to nominate candidates for the various county offices.

JAMES K. SEARS, Chairman.

Notice to Dairy Customers. Frank Holman, proprietor of the Holman dairy, wishes to announce to the people of Dallas that beginning September 1 he will sell milk at 7 cents a quart.

The Cost Is Small. Buyer and seller can be brought together at a cost of only a few cents by placing an advertisement in the Observer's "Wanted" and "For Sale" columns. Try it the next time you have anything to buy or sell.

Try an Observer "Want Ad." The cost of an advertisement in the Observer's "Wanted" and "For Sale" columns is small and the farmers tell us they bring results.

SEES FOREIGN LANDS

A. J. RHODES TELLS OF TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

Gives Graphic Description of Places Visited and Scenes Witnessed in Old World Countries.

(Continued from Last Week.)

After a three-days' run from Namsai arrived at Hongkong, 1,300 miles south by west, weather getting warmer as we neared Hongkong. We had a very smooth voyage except the first day, which was rough; on the trip down we were given a demonstration by the crew of their ability to save a life in case one of the passengers should fall overboard. A life preserver on fire was thrown overboard, a rush made for the lifeboats, the steamer swung around in a circle back to where the overthrow occurred. It took forty minutes to make the rescue, although the crew said if it had been a real rescue the boat lines would have been cut, etc., making the rescue much quicker. It is needless to say the demonstration convinced the passengers it was wise to stay aboard if they cared to see the United States again.

Arriving at Hongkong on March 15 at 8 a. m., we were immediately taken ashore on steam launches and our sight-seeing began. Hongkong has a population of about 300,000—10,000 Europeans, including about 1,000 Portuguese; 40,000 Chinese live in sampans in the harbor.

The population is cosmopolitan and comprises races from all parts of the world—India, Japan, the islands of the Pacific, Europe, America and the neighboring empire of China. The latter number about 250,000.

The correct name of the city is Victoria, and the island Hongkong, although the name "Victoria" is seldom mentioned, all calling the city Hongkong. The island is about six miles across and was decided to England in 1867.

They have recently acquired property from China and now the city, running fifty miles back and seventy-five miles along the shore. Hongkong is considered one of the best harbors in the world and it is said more tonnage passes through here than any other port. This does not mean merchandise, but vessel tonnage. Her gates are open to all, regardless of caste or color; there is no custom house. You leave the city, and no questions are asked. Hongkong streets are the most interesting of any city yet visited. Along its thoroughfare you will see side by side the rickshaw and the sedan chair, drawn and carried by the noisy coolies, and the modern electric street cars, all hustling for the same purpose.

First Impression Favorable. The first impression of Hongkong as you approach by daytime is most favorable. Away to the front towers the Peak, 1,800 feet above the city, its sides covered with magnificent buildings, resembling old castles, the residences of the wealthier classes, while below, near the waterfront, are imposing structures, six to ten stories, telling of the commercial prosperity.

The city seen by night from the bay, about a mile from shore, where our vessel was anchored, is a sight long to be remembered, with the thousands of sampans and sloops in the harbor, the buildings on shore and the residences creeping up the side of the hill to the very top, meeting the stars, and each casting their particular light, that you are left in wonder and are at a loss to tell where the lights leave off and the stars begin.

Mrs. Rhodes and I were entertained at a 5 o'clock tea at the house of Mr. Cruz, a Portuguese broker, located on a slightly sloping half way up the Peak and overlooking the botanical gardens, the governor general's grounds and the harbor. With him we were taken to rattan, seagrass and willow chair factories. Most of their products go to Australia. We also visited a factory where they were making camphor wood chests and trunks, and where Chinese lanterns are made. The entire party of 750 people were given a ride on the inclined cable road to the Peak. The road goes to within 500 feet of the top. This distance you can walk, or take sedan chairs carried by four coolies, which most of them did, but on account of my size, the coolies shied, so it was a case of walk or stay down, so I walked. Although the day was hot and the climb made it seem hotter, I felt repaid, as the view was perfectly grand. You get a bird's-eye view of the city below and the entire surrounding island and country adjoining.

Visit to Canton. After a two days' visit at Hongkong we, on Wednesday night, boarded a river steamer for the ninety-mile run up Pearl river to Canton, arriving there at 6 the next morning. We were taken in sedan chairs to the Victoria hotel, on the British concession, Shamien island, for breakfast. Immediately in front of the hotel across the Shamien canal, which is about 150 feet wide and with a walled embankment, you plunge at once into Canton. Our party was subdivided into parties of eight and ten, with two guides and one or two soldiers.

Being thus equipped we took our chairs and were carried across the bridge, the gates of which are closed each night at 8 o'clock, and within one minute we were lost in the streets of Canton, as far as we could tell. The first afternoon we put in going through the narrow streets, at times it disappeared as though we were in a pocket, but about the time we expected our coolies to run into a stone wall they would turn aside and scout into a side entrance which might be taken for a doorway and we were again in one of the thickly populated streets, lined with shops of all kinds and stores, all open full to the street, apparently about 25 feet deep, but on close inspection we found many that had other rooms 100 to 200 feet back. Canton seems to be filled with coolies, Embroiderers, florists, jade stones, silks of every variety, the like to be found nowhere else in the world.

Making Silk by Hand. We visited one of the silk factories which was equipped with hand looms,

taking three men to run each loom—two to throw the shuttle back and forth and the third to stand on a frame about three feet up and pull the threads that make the pattern.

A boy of 15 was making the pattern on one of the looms, which was a very pretty flower, and as regular as though made by machinery. The three men get \$2 for making one bolt of silk of nineteen to twenty yards and it takes them two days to make it. We visited the Kingfisher feather jeweler's shop. They take a blue major feather and very cleverly cement it to a delicate filigree work of gold or silver. They are used as procession ornaments and wedding gifts. The delicate working of the feathers is said to ruin the eyes within a very few years.

We visited the five-storied pagoda built 500 years ago, which from the end looks very similar to one of our wheat elevators; also visited the nine-storied pagoda, called the flower pagoda from the fact that so many flowers are growing on each story. It was built 1,500 years ago and looks like it. We next went to the Temple of Confucius, where stands an idol of the great philosopher, then to the Temple of the 500 Genii, containing the images of that number of Buddha followers, among them Marco Polo, one of the earliest voyagers to Eastern lands; next called at the Temple of the Dead, at the west gate of the city wall; saw several caskets which were waiting for a lucky place to bury, but as the relatives of the dead pay what they can and as long as they can to help find the lucky burial place, the consequence is a rich man waits a long time, whereas a poor man with poor relatives gets a quick passage to the lucky place. We next turned our steps towards the "water clock," which consists of three earthen jars covered with copper plates standing on a brickwork stairway. The top of each jar being level with the one above, the lower jar has a measuring stick which raises as the jar fills, by taking this stick out and comparing it with my watch there was only five minutes difference. The jars are twenty-three inches high and are of like diameter.

Excursion Grounds. We wended our way to the execution grounds, which are used as a potter's yard. The wife of the executioner showed us the knife, which is similar to a heavy dirk but about two feet long. They are allowed only one stroke for a head, but this does not prevent them doing a little sawing if the first stroke fails. We visited the grounds at 3 p. m., and learned afterwards that they executed 4 men at 4 p. m. We missed the show by one of the city prisons which had about 150 men for minor offenses. The prison proper was an open enclosure with guard stations surrounding; by comparison the prisoners' quarters were better than those of the guards.

After putting in an entire day in Canton one is led to wonder why does Canton exist at all. What good do the people do? Three to four million people crowded into a space less than 5 miles square with half a million more living in boats on the water, living as they did, 2,000 years ago. No progress made and none desired, apparently.

Part of the people are now living outside the wall. There is plenty of room surrounding Canton to get away from the congestion if they desired, but their nature evidently favors the closely packed quarters. A large book could be written about the smells of Canton, and then not do them justice. Most visitors will tell you there are thousands of smells, but for myself I believe there is only one which seems to be made up from all the smells that exist. It is a smell you cannot shake off for several days, and even then it returns to you at unexpected times.

We boarded our steamer at 5 p. m. for the run to Hongkong, which we reached at 12 that night. The first three hours out of Canton was delightful, with the low-lying country on either side under full cultivation, dotted with a few pagodas and small groves of palms and orange trees.

Arrival at Manila. At 8 p. m. on Friday, March 18, we steamed out of Hongkong harbor for Manila, two and a half days southeast over a smooth sea, with the weather getting warmer and warmer. We arrived there Sunday, March 20, 4 p. m. Each state had a reception committee to meet the passengers from their respective states. We were driven in automobiles, carriages and carromats to Luneta park to hear the Constabulary band and later viewed the most gorgeous sunset of our whole trip. A special entertainment was given at the theater and much enjoyed. Monday morning we boarded the small river steamer for a six-mile run up the Pasig river to Fort McKinley, where we were welcomed by our boys in khaki. The river is a slow, dirty, sluggish stream, lined on either side with the native huts surrounded by the low rice fields and the stately palms. We encountered many head of water buffalo taking their daily bath. The river ride would be a very pleasant one at a more favorable season of the year, but with the thermometer standing near 100 and the sun shining brightly on the water made us anxious to have it over with; as soon as the gangplank was out a rush was made for cool drinks and a shady place. The two days we were at Manila seemed the hottest I ever experienced, but am told to cheer up as the worst is yet to come. In the afternoon took carriage for a drive over the city; took a picture of the old historical church that Dewey shelled, visited the federal prison, where there are over 2,500 prisoners. We were fortunate in arriving just as they were marching into their evening quarters. A band of forty-five pieces played while the balance of the prisoners were put through a course of exercises. They marched to their cells, being served with their dinner on the way, which took just five minutes to serve the entire 1,100.

Saw Cockfight. We met many Cock friends who seemed to like Manila, but when alone said they hoped and expected to return to the States sometime to live.

We visited one of the silk factories which was equipped with hand looms,

Well we should say so, and the mellow horn of Mr. Morgan will awake the morn, bidding us garner for the bins and cribs in which we labor for his royal nile. The summer ended and the blower on, the respite over and the money gone, and Rockefeller as we drill along, howling and hoping we are well and strong.

The seaside solitaire will quit the shore, and the summer girl will line up three or four conquests in puppy love she has around, and choose the one that is to go unwounded. The which selection from the litter born of summer madness she will then suborn with things sufficient to unlock its eyes, and hurry homeward with the gasping prize.

The busted tourist will return from France with hotel stickers stuck upon his pants, and tarred and postcarded by his friends, will reap the penalty of what he sends. They'll wait him up and down upon a rail, and alternately turn him head and tail, or however they may best enjoy the views in Venice or the site of Troy.

The festive calf will blithely snuff and sport, and deftly tip up where the hair is short, and in the quiet even after-glow the quail will pipe his dulcet piccolo. The bold insurgent will insure the more, and fill the planet with his dreadful roar, and each one betting he will not be last, the autumn candidates will gallop past.

The new progressive and the Democrat, the unwhimsy that are standing pat, and in the midst of them, unfaint of heart, our Mr. Bryan on the water cart. A mass of issues, and a mass of men, and lo, a gullus busting now and then, and not especially alarmed by it the trusts desisting till the swarm has lit.

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